

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

G. D. ALEXANDER, Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor in Chancery, Office: Witherspoon Block, Jan. 17, 1874.

THE SOFT GUITAR.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

Scene.—Moonlight. Beneath the lady's window appears the lover and sings, with guitar accompaniment.

Open thy lattice, O lady bright!

The earth lies calm in thy moonlight;

And the glint of thy hair on the wall

And the tones of thy soft guitar.

At the lady's window a vision shone—

Press the lady's head, and light-up on

LOVER.

See! at the casement's opening, with

With thy fingers she hides her brow,

And the light of her eyes is so true,

I will watch them to rest with my guitar.

With the lady's head, and light-up on

LOVER.

(Sighing, then half joyful)

Then sleep, dear lady! thy fringed lids close,

And the moonlight on thy cheek is so true,

While through thy casement, softly and true,

Softly and true, my guitar.

Then the lady's head, and light-up on

LOVER.

Child! no not hush, O lady fair!

For the moonlight on thy cheek is so true,

And the tones of thy soft guitar.

And the lady answered: "You stupid thing!

If you've got the guitar stop trying to sing."

LOVER.

(Filled with natural and vigorous indignation)

Good but fair, one's eyes restrain!

And the moonlight on thy cheek is so true,

And the tones of thy soft guitar.

And the lady answered: "You stupid thing!

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LOVER.

(Moving impatiently to depart)

Fare you, I have then! When I'm at rest

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By HORSLEY BROS. & FIGURES.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1874.

VOL. XIX, NO. 38.

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COTTON AND THE CONFEDERACY.

By Secretary Memminger, Replies to General Johnston.

C. C. Memminger, the first confederate secretary of the treasury, has written a letter to General Johnston, in reply to the latter's charge that the south failed in the war through the blunder of its government in not possessing itself of the cotton in the hands of the planter.

The confederate government was organized in February, the blockade was instituted in May, thus leaving a period of three months in which the whole cotton crop on hand, say 4,000,000 bales, according to the military financier, to have been got into the hands of the confederate government.

Where would these vessels have been picked up one thousand cotton bales of the blockade? and was not as much of the cotton shipped by private enterprise as by the government?

The great difficulty was not the proceeds of the sales were in most cases sold to the government in shape of bills and not in cash.

Of course this vast amount of cotton would not have been in the hands of the government if it had not been for the purchase of three ways—by seizure, by purchase or by donation.

Certainly not one, at the first inception of the blockade, would have ventured to propose to seize upon the cotton in the hands of the planter.

It could not, then, have been purchased.

Indeed, he might have been contented, in common with so many others, to have been contented with the barbarous mode of execution then practiced—the strappado, for example, which was one of the most cruel and heinous of the punishments.

The accused, half nude, had his hands behind him with a small cord, and two men, one at each end, drew him back and forth, until he was tired under the victim's arm, while the other, standing by, held the wheel and then down to the windlass.

At his command, the magistrate's aids turned the windlass, raising the victim up to the ceiling of the room, then down to the floor, and so on, until he reached the floor. Each shock, which generally resulted in dislocating the joints, was repeated.

This terrible torture was practiced for the purpose of extracting the truth from the accused.

What made it still more horrible than the strappado was the fact that the accused was not only tortured, but he was also executed.

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FUN ON THE HIGHWAY.

How a Drove Danced to the Music of a Revolver.

The setting sun on Thursday afternoon threw a halo upon a vast drove of hogs, and they were driven by a street row, attended by two gentlemen, one garbed with a stick and the other with a revolver.

It was rather chilly in the cold—and as the gentlemen walked along in pleasant conversation, some of the hogs began to sneeze and to sneeze again.

The influence of the raw atmosphere, the effects of which they tried to overcome at the bar of every tavern they fell in with.

Encouraged by their success they became belligerent, and in their good humor, they began to pick on the pigs in the ribs in that familiar manner which characterizes good fellows charmed with each other's society.

He of the black snake cracked his back until the air was full of snaps, and shouted and yelled in the fine exuberance of his spirit.

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